

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Maxime de la Rochetelle. Translated from the French by Cora Hamilton Bell. Two volumes, pp. xxii, 354; xi, 377. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A FRIEND OF THE QUEEN (Marie Antoinette—Count de Fersen). By Paul Gault. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Pp. xii, 371. D. Appleton & Co.

Unless strongly and persistently influenced from the side of evil auspices, the people must surely have remained in sympathy with a woman whom they loved at the outset, who grew in graciousness and kindness, if not in beauty, as the years went by. What happened at Châlons on the unhappy return to Paris after the memorable attempt to escape from the Revolutionists might well have happened anywhere in France under fair conditions. There the municipal bodies seemed to find it their duty to preserve the respect due the royal majesty. At the gate of the city the King was received by the municipality and conducted between two lines of National Guards to the Intendant's residence. "This was the same *hôtel* at which the beautiful Dauphines, then radiant with happiness, had stopped, amid clamorous cheers and popular fêtes, when, twenty-one years before, she had come to France to enquire her brow with the royal crown." And, as if to mark with the utmost care the permanence of popular love, it happened just as in 1770 that young girls came timidly to present flowers to Marie Antoinette and eagerly hastened to serve her. M. de la Rocheforte, in this admirable translation of his work, shows how from the smallest beginning there gradually rose that gigantic hatred hardly less fatal to France than the hapless Queen. For we must remind ourselves of what has happened. We must observe that the poor, impercipient in Marie Antoinette's eyes, would have shown any indulgence toward Prussia. France learned in the middle of the nineteenth century the lesson which Maria Theresa and her daughter would gladly have inculcated at the close of the eighteenth. In a chance epithet uttered by a bitter and disappointed woman the germ is to be found of a national humiliation.

the King cherished his daughters. They cultivated in themselves and in their youthful protégée a timidity which became speechless in the King's presence. Tortured himself by a life-long shyness and silence, Louis XV resented this behavior. The estrangement grew to such extent that the Dauphiness began to make requests in writing which she had been used to prefer with charming safety face to face with the King. Finally, she required that he grant her more readily others had been. M. de Mercy, the Ambassador of Austria, who was charged to watch over Marie Antoinette, observed the change. The Empress and he again laid again pressed upon the young woman, with whom they had to deal the true nature of her duty toward the King. The result was that there came, by and by, a gradual separation between Marie Antoinette and the princesses. The latter did not welcome this turn of affairs. Their hopes of ruling France through the future Queen were not given up without a struggle, which took the form of endless social intrigue, and without resentment, which found its worst expression when the Princess Adelaide one day spoke of her niece as the "Austrian." The word followed the young Queen to her grave. It bequeathed the expression of insane animosity cherished by millions. If the French bourgeoisie, the "Austrian" was giving motive to the Revolution of the Empire. Whatever the misery which the people suffered, it was sure to be attributed to the "Austrian." On the other hand, by the same process, the Austrian Alliance, favored with good reason by French statesmen, was popularly viewed with distrust. It could not be considered permanent when France itself seemed on the verge of upheaval. The decisive policy of Austria in the time of Marie Antoinette's peril has been blamed, but

One of the youths in the group that gathered about her proved to be of better moral fibre than the rest. It is only recently that the material for understanding the career of Count John Axel Persen, of Sweden, has been made public. The explanation not only of whatever remained mysterious in the story of the flight of Louis XVI and his Queen from Paris, but for the study of Marie Antoinette's plan of interesting the Powers in the cause of monarchy in France, But Persen, the friend of the Queen, is the sole topic of M. Paul Gault's entertaining book. To the biographer of the Queen it is a matter of indifference what Count Persen's feelings may have been since it is certain that the Queen was a loyal wife. But it adds to the romance of the Count's career to imagine, what seems to be true, that he loved the Queen and was willing to risk his life in her service. His acquaintance with her began before she became Queen. She was fond of a little mystery, and as the Parisians easily penetrated her disguise at balls, she could only amuse herself with gamblers. It was thus that she came to know the Count, who was then called Persen. The acquaintance thus begun ripened into a life-long friendship. Meanwhile the Dauphiness was young, and malicious tongues hinted that she was neglected by her husband. The same lying tongues began to comment on the partiality shown to the young Swedish nobleman, and at last Persen, to set the baseless gossip at rest joined the expedition of Rochambeau to aid the American Revolutionists. It was said that the young Queen wept for him. Nevertheless he does not again reappear in her life until after the imprisonment of herself and her husband. Then it is he that takes charge of all the preparations for the flight of Louis XVI and the Queen and their children from Paris. To his care and skill it was

What must strike us then in the character of Marie Antoinette is her conscious self-improvement in every respect. At no time in her life did she less deserve calamity than when it fell upon her. But with such a woman, one whose sense of duty never slept, whose conscience, not less than her busy mother, kept her alert to her social and religious occupations, it is impossible to think of any wrong-doing worse than mere frivolity, the exuberance of youthful spirits. Her worst mistake was that the companions of her amusements often turned out to be unworthy of her and finally malevolent slanderers like the Duc de Lauzun.

There's the end of it. I have a right to it, too, and you see I have put the crown on already." *He refers jauntily, as we have seen, to his "fund of inexperience."* What really emerges conspicuously from these letters is the fact of his rich experience, whether in his chosen field of labor, in his literary vocation, or in the life of travel and social intercourse into which he was thrown by his diplomatic appointments. As a man of letters he came in living contact with his authors. Sometimes this is revealed in the picture he draws of himself reading old French metrical romances twelve hours a day. More often is it shown by implication in the at-

All through the personal of Lowell's own letters there is something in the reader that is touched, not as by a trumpet note exactly, but as by a tone awakening "all elevating associations." Of the brilliancies of familiar talk that sparkle on every page, of the episodes of travel and of social life in America and Europe, of the anecdotic and critical treasures with which the volumes are crowded, it is impossible to speak at greater length. To make drafts upon this bank is only to leave a balance so large as to invite further and reckless extravagance. No recent publication of an autobiographical nature shines forth a more manly and beautiful personality or adorns the figure it presents with so many evidences of refinement, loyalty, wit and high intellectual power.

"But, speaking of 'Ethán Spike,' he continued, "he was a genius! Not in the same line as that of his illustrious brother, John G. Whittier, but in his own way a genius. He was an ordinary, plain-looking fellow, but a genuine humorist, and he rounded a school of comic literature which brought out many imitators. In short, he was original, unique and of a high grade in his peculiar line."

The quartet of Havellill Whittiers, of whom the poet was the youngest, included himself, two sisters and one brother; all of whom are dead. Three of the sisters married, all of them leaving issue. The eldest sister died at her death. The brothers were Andrew P. Whittier, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam," the middle son, who was killed by a railroad train, and Frank, the youngest, who had a great and unplaced faith in the judgment of his maiden sister, and it was through this confidence that she was able to give him the critical opinion. Frank was with him little after reaching maturity; he lived many years in Portland, where he was born, and

Very largely—no doubt, have been very common. I have never known a religious person, except a Quaker, who is not a little abrupt, honest; that I was not a Christian, that my mother was dying, that she was fretting to get to heaven, that she would not take communion unless I took it with her, that two clergymen refused to allow me to take part in the service, that I had come to him in despair, feeling how I must give up, that he would not take my face changed to a great softness, "You were quite right to come to me," he answered in that low, gentle voice, "and I am glad you have turned into one no less direct, but marvelously gentle." "Of course I will go and see your mother; and I will tell her that you are a Christian, and that over your position with me, we may as well say clear to doing as your mother wishes."

On the following day Dean Stanley administered the Holy Communion to them both by her dying mother's bedside.

"I especially remember," says the wife of the late Professor Jowett, "the perpetual copyright of my writings to Balliol College. I desire that they may

Mr. W. H. White, otherwise "Mark Rutherford," says in his preface to the new edition of "Epiphora's Ethic": "The world is alarmed now at the various portents which threaten it. On every side are dangers more terrible by far than those which impended in 1733. But the germinating spots in the tangled tangle of this is the divorce of the intellect from its chief duty, that it spends its energies on curiosities, trifles, the fine arts, or in science, and never in ethical service. The peril is, of course, the more tremendous because the religions, which, with all their defects did at least teach duty and invested it with divine authority, are effete."
"Mark Rutherford" is about to print a new novel, whose title is "Catherine Furze."
The lady known as "The Duchess" and author of "Molly Bawn," has written a new novel, which is to be called "The Red House Mystery."
"The People of the Mist" is the title of Mr. Ripley Hargrave's new novel.

A Well-Matched Pair.—"That is a wonderfully bright dog of Timmin's. Can do almost everything but talk."
"That makes them a pretty good team. Timmin can do nothing but talk."—(Indianapolis Journal.)

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